

*the  
1943*

**Lantern**

*The*  
L A N T E R N

of  
**1943**



Published by  
THE LANTERN STAFF  
of  
ROWLAND HALL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
Salt Lake City, Utah



RT. REV. ARTHUR W.  
MOULTON, S.T.D.

Rector



Rt. Rev. Arthur W. Moulton, S.T.D., rector of Rowland Hall, is revered as our spiritual mentor and deeply beloved by every Rowland girl as a friend. Every Thursday morning brings his joyous greeting to each member of the student body and faculty. We remember with keen delight the twinkle in his eye while he teasingly holds us in suspense during the awarding of prizes for the Hallowe'en skits. He is always young enough to enjoy the performances of the tiniest nursery tot and the most sophisticated senior at our many traditional entertainments. Most deeply enshrined in our hearts, though, are the memories of the simplicity, beauty, and spiritual sincerity of Candle and Carol services and Commencement exercises, conducted by Bishop Moulton.



MRS. FANNY B. JONES

Principal

*"He shall establish thine heart, and give thee wisdom at thine  
own desire."—ECCLESIASTICUS VI, 37.*



# FACULTY

*"A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—ANONYMOUS*



Left to Right:

MRS. MELBA PEASE  
MRS. IONE D. V. BERKLEY

MRS. ELEANOR NELSON  
MRS. CATHERINE NEEDHAM  
MISS HELEN NELSON  
MRS. EDNA TRAU  
MISS FRANCES KRIEGER

Sixth and Seventh Grades  
Algebra, Geometry, Physics,  
Biology

Primary Grades  
Physical Education  
Executive Secretary  
Third, Fourth and Fifth Grades  
French, Spanish

MRS. FANNY B. JONES

MISS HELEN MANG  
MISS MARIE TEMPLETON

Ancient History, Bible,  
History of Art  
English, American History  
Latin, French





*"An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."—ANON.*



# SENIORS

ELOISE HAHEO BAMBERGER

"ELOISE"

*"God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman."*

MEREDITH

Class Treasurer, '42, '43; Class Secretary, '42, '43;  
Choir, '41-'43; A.A., '41-'43.



MARY LOUISE BINTZ

"KLEINE"

*"And mistress of herself though China Fall."*

POPE

Class Vice-President, '39; Class Treasurer, '40;  
A.A. Secretary-Treasurer, '41; Student Body  
Vice-President, '42; Class Vice-President, '42;  
Student Body President, '43; Photographer, *The  
Lantern*, '43; Choir, '40-'43; Altar Guild, '40-'43;  
A.A., '39-'43.

SUSAN AILEEN BRAYTON

"SUE"

*"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."*

CLARENDON

Class President, '39; Freshman Reporter, *The  
Lantern*, '40; Altar Guild Treasurer, '41; Alum-  
nae Editor, *The Lantern*, '41; Altar Guild Assist-  
ant Director, '42; Assistant Editor, *The Lantern*,  
'42; Editor, *The Lantern*, '43; Crucifer, '43; Altar  
Guild, '40-'43; Choir, '40-'43; A.A., '39-'43.





*"Everything has an ending; there will be  
An ending one sad day for you and me,  
An ending of the days we had together,  
The good companionship, all kinds of weather."*

—HINKSON

BETTE JEANNE DECKER

"B. J."

*"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."*

POPE

Altar Guild Director, '43; Altar Guild, '42-'43;  
Choir, '42-'43; A.A., '42-'43.

MARY LOU HOVENDEN

"MARY LOU"

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—  
An excellent thing in woman."*

SHAKESPEARE

Student Body Treasurer, '42; Exchange Editor,  
*The Lantern*, '43; Judiciary Head, '43; Crucifer,  
'43; Altar Guild, '42-'43; Choir, '42-'43;  
A.A., '42-'43.



MARIGOLDE KINNEY

"MARIGOLDE"

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all  
her paths are peace."*

ANONYMOUS

Class Vice-President, '43; Crucifer, '43; Altar  
Guild, '43; Choir, '42-'43; A.A., '42-'43.



# SENIORS

MARILYN JANE NELSON

"MARILYN"

*"As pure in thought as angels are:  
To know her was to love her."*

ROGERS

Class Vice-President, '41; Class President, '42;  
Student Body Secretary, '43; Altar Guild, '41-'43;  
A.A., '41-'43.



JANET MARIE OSSMAN

"JANET"

*"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."*

POPE

Assistant Business Manager, *The Lantern*, '42;  
Treasurer Altar Guild, '42; Judiciary Head, '42;  
Business Manager, *The Lantern*, '43; Altar Guild,  
'41-'43; Choir, '41-'43; A.A., '41-'43.

NANCY VIRGINIA PAYNE

"NANCE"

*"Good company and good discourse are the very  
sinews of virtue."*

WALTON

A.A. President, '43; A.A., '42-'43.





PATRICIA JANE POMEROY

"PAT"

*"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."*

ANONYMOUS

Class Vice-President, '39; Class Secretary, '40; Sophomore Reporter, *The Lantern*, '41; General Reporter, *The Lantern*, '42-'43; Publicity Editor, '42-'43; Crucifer, '43; Altar Guild, '41-'43; Choir, '40-'43; A.A., '39-'43.

CORNELIA ANNE SHELDON

"ANNE"

*"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."*

POPE

Class President, '41; Altar Guild, '41-'43; Choir, '40-'43; A.A., '40-'43.



JOSEPHINE SHOEMAKER

"Jo"

*"How far that little candle throws her beams."*

SHAKESPEARE

Choir, '43; A.A., '43.



# SENIORS

JOYCE SNOW

"JOYCE"

*"Those true eyes  
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise  
The sweet soul shining through them."*

LYTTON

A.A., '42-'43.



HELEN LOUISE WHITING

"HELEN"

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."*

SHAKESPEARE

Class Treasurer, '39; Class Vice-President, '40; A.A. Vice-President, '41; Sports Editor, Assistant Photographer, *The Lantern*, '41; Junior Reporter, Photographer, *The Lantern*, '42; General Reporter, *The Lantern*, '43; Class President, '43; Crucifer, '43; Altar Guild, '40-'43; Choir, '40-'43; A.A., '39-'43.



MARY MARTHA WHITTIER

"MARY"

*"Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious."*

MEREDITH

Class Secretary, '39; Class President, '40; Class Treasurer, '41; Choir, '39-'43; A.A., '39-'43.



# CLASS HISTORY

The Graduating Class of '43 had its dim beginning in the nursery school. Here Kleine and Pat first made their appearance, both in fetching long curls. In the early grades, however, Pat, alone, was left to uphold our glorious tradition as best she could.

In the sixth grade, Mary joined the "class," with her Dutch-boy hair-cut. The most memorable events of the next two years were the snowball fights (once ye mighty Seniors condescended to throw snowballs at us), our sixth grade Hallowe'en stunt. Hansel and Gretel, for which we won the banner (we threw candy to the audience *and* the judges), and the time Mary was locked in a gym locker for forty minutes. Mary came through unscathed, but the teachers made Pat feel like a murderess and threatened to take an inch-thick paddle to her. In the spring of that last year in lower school, Sue joined us. Her blonde, curly hair was the envy of every girl in the class.

The next year finally saw us in Upper School with a class of five in the eighth grade. Our new additions were Kleine (again?!), that little acorn who was destined to be our mighty oak tree, and Helen, fresh from Kaysville, who could wrinkle her forehead in two directions at once, drive a car like a Senior, and was called, "A feather with two big feet." Our overwhelming fear was that the school would burn down and so we constantly practised escaping with the aid of chairs and ropes through the study hall windows. At the Hallowe'en stunts that year, Kleine distinguished herself by trying to break through a paper hoop head first and failing with every attempt. Among our favorite fads were initialed hearts and favorite songs.

During our Freshman year we gained a new member, Anne, with her sense of humor and alto voice. The Seniors gave us a thorough initiation, including an escapade down-town while we were blindfolded and a wonderful party afterwards. We wore imitation hairdos, reversed to please the older girls.

Sophomore year brought Janet with her brains, chuckle, and sewing ability, (she made her own uniforms); Marilyn (Bitz) with propriety and all-round cuteness; and Eloise with her ability for football, tennis, and ping pong. That was the year we began to realize that there were men in the world. The discovery left us somewhat breathless.

At the first of the Junior year, a rumor was heard that Marigolde was to join the class and sure enough, a month later, she showed up, broken foot and all! Bette Jeanne, that musical prodigy who can't read music, came in '41. Her hair is a phenomenon because it looks well when not curled. Joyce with blonde hair and pulchritude made her appearance also. Junior year was bank night, for two other girls swelled our ranks. They were Nancy, Eastern, sophisticated, and artistic; and Mary Lou, unusual and different, who had character plus.

Remember the play with the Irish accents and the take-off when Helen said, "Where's the gun? Bang! Bang!?" The Prom arrived at last and after the strain of planning the dance and catching dates, the class hibernated in preparation for their final year at Rowland Hall.

Jo was the last girl to enter the class, enlivening it with her original wit and helping B. J. at the piano. The semester started with a bang for we won the banner for our Hallowe'en stunt, a Broadway musical. The high point of the skit was the song written for the school by Bette Jeanne and Pat. We had a grand time giving the Freshmen a thorough initiation which we, at least, won't forget for a long time.

The Senior play *Don't Take My Penny* was presented in March. Such jitters as the girls had before they walked onto the stage are probably present at every first performance; but to us they were a special brand all our own. We really had a grand time preparing and planning for our debut. Finals and achievement tests worried us and kept us busy but we still had time to seek other amusements.

With many a backward glance we solemnly filed from the chapel one day late in May, knowing that the graduation ceremony was all that was left to link us with our school. Although we would soon leave Rowland Hall, in our hearts we knew we would never leave the memories of happy days behind us, or forget the warm friendships we had made.



# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

The torchlight procession of mourning Rowland Hall students wound its way through the darkened cemetery to the fifteen freshly dug graves of the class of '45. Those valiant girls who, it has been said, died of sorrow leaving their beloved Rowland Hall. (However, it has been rumored that they killed themselves trying to find dates for the Prom.) As no will was left by this class, a seance was to be held in order that the remaining girls might learn what was bequeathed to them. A semi-circle of blazing torches formed before the graves and the seance began.

Suddenly, from out of the darksome night, fifteen spirits rose from their graves and sat cross-legged on respective tombstones singing, "How 'ya gonna' keep us down in the ground after we've seen R. H." A hush fell over the crowd as the spirits began to speak. Above the din of voices Eloise was heard saying, "To those unfortunates with measles I cheerfully leave my dark glasses, my sympathy, my gym excuse, and—" "But Sue," Kleine interrupted, "I'm not staff photographer any longer. I left my camera to Claire C., my presidency to Mary, and Bus—well, I just left him." Sue complained, "You think you left a lot, gosh, I left my curly hair to Peggy Sweet and I can't do a thing with the laurel wreaths I'm wearing now." A ghastly voice emitted from Bette Jeanne who screamed, "I'm leaving my dust rags to Louann and my red hair to Penny. (From the play of the same name). Mary Lou rattled her chains, (made of Nevada silver, of course) and said, "I wonder if Jackie has moved her new house into my half of our crow's nest atop the third floor." Marigolde sighed, "To anyone who wants it, I willingly leave my appellation 'Goldie,' but I refuse to give up my 4F engineer." Marilyn, still trying to crawl up her extra tall tombstone, suggested, "Molly 'O may have my desk and also the dubious pleasure of being called 'Bitz'." In the distance a blasphemous noise was heard, but it was only Janet arguing with Satan about Einstein's Theory of Relativity. She stopped long enough to say, "O. K., O. K., you juniors may have my slip covers, but to Mrs. Miles, because of meat rationing, I leave my 'wabbits'!" Then her voice vanished into oblivion as she was heard saying, "But I tell you, Einstein was wrong!" Nancy was busy conversing with same friend from Connecticut (one of her lesser men), but she stopped long enough to admit that she was exceedingly happy about giving away her six subjects to anyone with equal intestinal fortitude. A wild sob was heard and Pat was seen crying great buckets of tears. Upon inquiries about her sad loneliness Pat said, "To Janet D. I left my car, my 'B' book, and my men and that's plenty to cry over." Anne was singing in her lyric soprano (or is it mezzo, or is it alto, or is it contralto?) voice, but she ceased long enough to utter, "Since I have no car with which to part, I leave my exclusive position in the alto section to Georgette Ann. You see, I've found out that I'm a lyric soprano (Or is it mezzo, or is it contralto?)" Jo was playing "boogie woogie" on her tombstone which resembled the keyboard of a piano and in between measures of Grieg's "Piano Concerto," she said, "Ila Raye can take over the piano in study hall; I won't be using it anymore. Anyway, there's a better one down here." Joyce sat demurely with a sad look in her eye and her long blond tresses blowing in the breeze. She told us, "They expelled me from this place 'cause Satan said I looked too much like an angel and besides, I left my Castillian Spanish to Lee Deffebach in hopes that she can do better than I did." Helen had on her black wig because someone told her she looked like Hedy Lamarr and while admiring herself in the fiery pit declared, "I'm merely bequeathing Si and Jim to posterity in general, and my rank as "Colonel Annie" of the Jr. Commandos I willingly turn over to Eileen." Mary was reading Plato, Sophocles, and Aristotle all at the same time and when asked what she was going to leave she ejaculated, "After all these years I just think I'll leave."

With that thought in mind, dear friends, the seance ended as all good things must. "And here endeth the last lesson."



# CLASS PROPHECY

*"The train roared under the glitter and swank of Park Avenue into Grand Central Station—crossroads of a million lives."*

Upon this first visit to New York, I found myself deposited by the strong arms of the crowd in the waiting room of the vast terminal. My eyes traveled upward and met magnificent murals—the fame of which had long since reached my ears. The epic of Fort Walgreen's had been portrayed in brilliant colors (mixed with touches of olive drab) by the world acclaimed artist Miss Marilyn Nelson. After completing the illustrations for *Long Bill of Bluebridge Gulley* for the Clever Comics Co., Miss Nelson was commissioned to paint these decorations in 1960.

As I stood there awestruck I heard a "what demands this public life makes upon one" tone, and turned to see Miss Sue Brayton. I was amazed to find that her life-long ambition of advertising had been realized. Her voice pleaded with me to buy the latest booklet of that eminent psychologist, Dr. Kleine B. Owens. The great advertising genius pointed out that Dr. Owens had expounded on her theories of "Men, and Their Social Responsibilities."

A moment later my call for a taxi was answered by a driver for the Ajax Pick Up Co.—Miss Pat Pomeroy. Miss Pomeroy is now assistant vice-president of that successful syndicate, owned by Max Glenn Monty Clark.

I had wired my reservation to the hostess-manager of the hotel, Miss Mary Whittier, who took up this occupation when hens stopped laying eggs, and she could no longer bake her renowned angel-food cakes. I was unable, however, to reach the desk because of a group of small girls clamoring over their beautiful but distressed mother, Mrs. Nancy Fitzpatrick Paxton. She was vainly attempting to count them and relay their names to the desk clerk.

After completing my arrangements I was led to the elevator by Mac, the bell hop, and as the door of the car opened, out stepped the woman senator-of-the-year, Miss Mary Lou Hitchbrook who recently led a crusade against the polishing of silver coins.

I refreshed myself and set out on foot for my destination. On my way I stopped in at the "Maria Elena" Bakery Shoppe. The proprietor turned out to be the former D.A.R. leader, Mother Janet, now enjoying herself among the buns and biscuits. We exchanged greetings and she suggested that I drop in next door at the Morrison Jewelry Shop where our mutual acquaintance, Helen, was employed, Miss Whiting, it seems, is still recovering from the notoriety won by having left at the altar two successive members of the United States Army Air Corps.

Though delayed by many interruptions, I reached my final destination—Carnegie Hall! Waiting in line for a ticket was Miss Joyce Snow, former Olympic Swimming Champion. I was met at the door by Miss Marigolde Kinney who has been sponsoring lectures since the close of her Broadway success, "Don't Call Me Goldie."

The preliminaries had already begun, and on the stage I saw Weezer the Juggler, alias Eloise Bamberger, completing her act of balancing the budget on one hand and Bill McGinnis on the other. Next on the program appeared those two stage entertainers Beejee and Josie. Their performance included a piano duet ("Rosie the Riveter") and dramatic presentations of "The Calla Lillies are in Bloom Again" and the "Lady Macbeth Sleepwalking Scene."

Then came the bugle fanfare announcing the feature of the evening, the "solo quartet" of Miss Anne Sheldon. Miss Sheldon is the only person in the world who can harmonize in four parts all by herself. As I contentedly listened to her melodious voice, an old proverb, popular way back when I was a Senior at Rowland Hall, came to my mind.

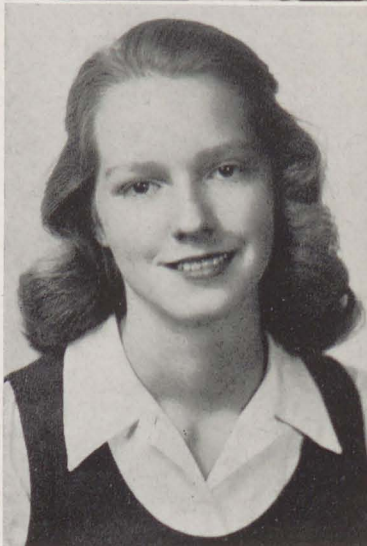
"The fortunes of R. H. may rise and may fall,  
But here's a toast to the best class of all  
The class that moved to Carnegie Hall."



JANANNE BROOKS



MARY KOCH



JOYCE STEWART



*"We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course through the rough wind  
say no." —SHAKESPEARE*

# JUNIORS



PEGGY SWEET



LOUANN WALLACE



SYBIL WHITE,  
*President*



ELIZABETH WRIGHT

PAT POSTUN

EILEEN SOELBERG



JACKIE BUEHLER

ILA RAYE CARLESON

CLAIRE CLENDENIN,  
*President*

LEE DEFFEBACH

CLAIRE ENGELMAN

PATSY PEARSALL

ELAINE RICHARDS

MAUDEE GRAVES

PENNY WESSON

IRENE SCHIERVEN



# SOPHOMORES

*"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident tomorrows."—WORDSWORTH*

# FRESHMEN

*"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,  
When thought is speech, and speech is truth."*—SCOTT.



LUCY BURNS

JANET DEAN

CARLYN JONES

GEORGETTE ANN  
LOCKHART

RONNIE MOORE

ADINA RHINEHART,  
*President*

RUTH TOWNSEND



# E I G H T H   G R A D E



MOLLY O. DAVISON

JOAN HARTER,  
*President*

PHOEBE McINTYRE



NANCY STREATOR

"Come, give us a taste of quality."

—SHAKESPEARE



MARILYN SENN

# LOWER SCHOOL



Sixth and Seventh Grades

*"Wait, oh child of hope,  
For time will teach thee all things."—TUPPER*

Third, Fourth and Fifth Grades



Primary Grades



Nursery School



One of the finest achievements of this school year, 1942-45, was the creation of the school song. The music was composed by Bette Jeanne Decker and the words were written by Patricia Pomeroy. It was first presented to the students, alumnae, and faculty at the Hallowe'en Stunts. The class of '43 wish to dedicate it to the school in memory of the many happy days they have spent here at Rowland Hall. The song has been printed so the students and alumnae may have a permanent record of it.

## OUR DAYS AT ROWLAND HALL

When spring comes again,  
To turn the campus green,  
From far off in the night  
Comes to me a scene.

The song of a robin,  
An apple tree in bloom,  
Classes that filled  
A sunlit room.

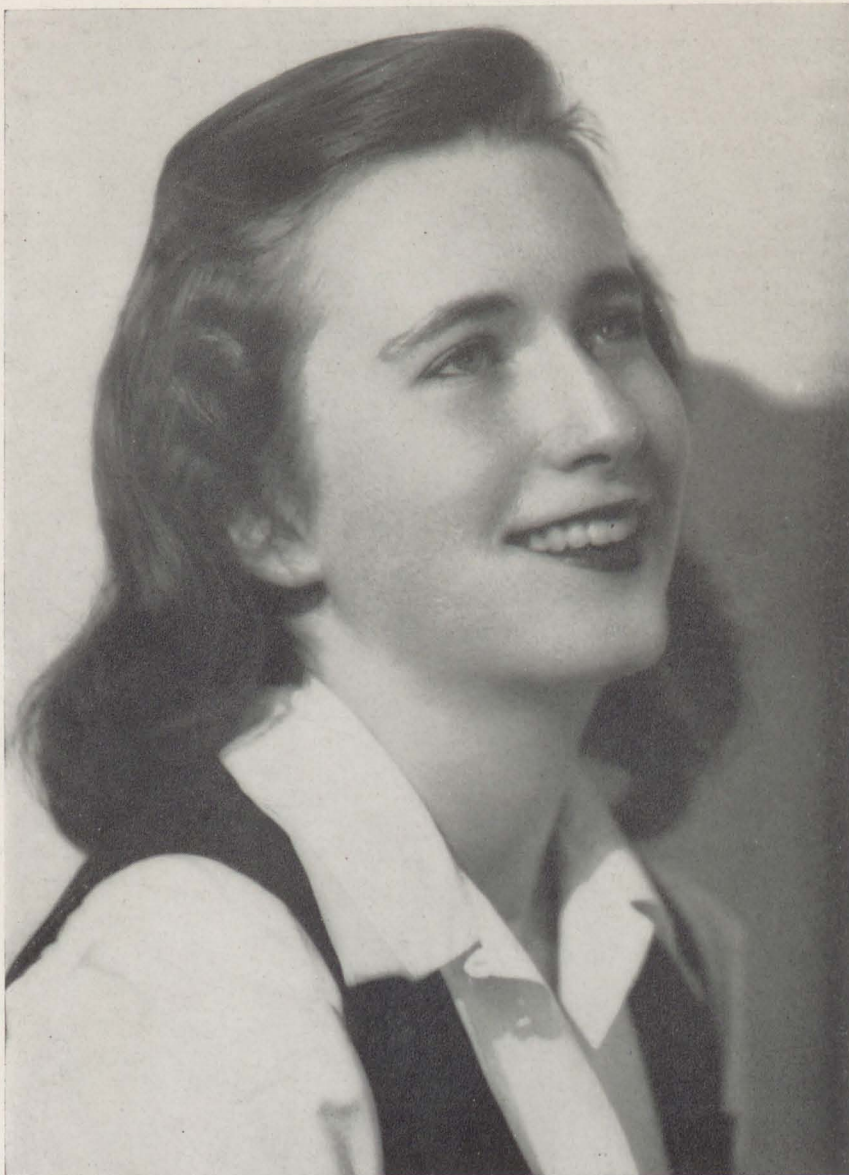
The quiet of the chapel  
Began for us each day,  
And you our alma mater  
Will always stay.

Last notes of the organ  
Will linger with us all,  
Remembering  
Our days at Rowland Hall.



*"Such and so various are the tastes of men."*—AKENSIDE





KLEINE BINTZ

*Student Body President*

*"You have deserved*

*High commendation, true applause, and love."—SHAKESPEARE*





Left to Right:

Kleine Bintz, President

Louann Wallace, Treasurer

Mary Koch, Vice-President

Marilyn Nelson, Secretary

## OUR STUDENT GOVERNMENT

For several years the students of Rowland Hall have enjoyed the privilege of having their own student government. This privilege has made a closer union between the faculty and the pupils and has also helped the girls understand the laws of our country and be good citizens. Every year a dependable Student Council is elected to make the rules for the school. This council is made up of representatives from each class in "upper-school" with a president and vice-president at the head. All loyal Rowland Hall girls do their best to keep up the standards of the school government so that it may always be a success.

Student Council







### OFFICERS

Ila Raye Carleson, Secy.-Treas.  
Jananne Brooks, Asst. Director  
Bette Jeanne Decker, Director



### CRUCIFERS

Patricia Pomeroy, Helen Whiting, Sue Brayton, Mary Lou Hovenden, Marigolde Kinney

# THE ALTAR GUILD

As the years pass, as our girls graduate into the Upper School, as they become Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and especially as they become Seniors, they realize more and more how much the Rowland Hall Chapel means in their school life. Created to care for the Chapel and devoted to render unpublicized daily service, the Altar Guild consists of twenty girls, chosen for their sincere love of the Chapel, their sense of responsibility, and their willingness to work. It is one of the few truly honorary organizations in Rowland Hall. Seldom has the Altar Guild been given public recognition, but this page is dedicated in appreciation of its fine work.

### ALTAR GUILD







Candle and Carol  
Service  
December, 1942



Rowland Hall Choir  
Directed by  
Mrs. Florence B. Hoffer





Janet Ossman, Business Manager  
Sue Brayton, Editor



Sybil White, Asst. Business Manager  
Joyce Stewart, Asst. Editor

## LANTERN STAFF

Editor . . . . .	Sue Brayton
Assistant Editor . . . . .	Joyce Stewart
Business Manager . . . . .	Janet Ossman
Assistant Business Manager . . . . .	Sybil White
General Reporter . . . . .	Helen Whiting
General Reporter . . . . .	Pat Pomeroy
Photographer . . . . .	Kleine Bintz
Assistant Photographer . . . . .	Claire Clendenin
Alumnae Editor . . . . .	Pat Pearsall
Exchange Editor . . . . .	Mary Lou Hovenden
Sports Editor . . . . .	Ila Raye Carleson
Junior Reporter . . . . .	Elizabeth Wright
Sophomore Reporter . . . . .	Penny Wesson
Freshmen Reporter . . . . .	Georgette Ann Lockhart
Advisor . . . . .	Miss Helen Mang



Lantern Staff





## DRAMATIC ART

*"Don't Take My Penny"*

Senior Play

directed by

Mrs. Shirley P. Jones

# THE ARTS

Even greater now in these times of war is the appreciation of the fine arts. Music, singing, and painting should become an important part of every young girl's life. Therefore, we at Rowland Hall are lucky in having the advantages afforded by our excellent teachers.

After the darkness of war has left the earth, once again the arts will take their rightful place among man. We, the students of today...must be prepared to become the citizens of tomorrow; by studying the arts, we will help build a beautiful post-war world.



# The ARTS



## PIANO

Miss Becky Almond

*Instructor*



## ART

Mrs. Rose Salisbury

*Instructor*



## VOCAL

Mr. Paul Enrietto

*Instructor*



Left to Right:

Pat Pearsall, Secretary-Treasurer

Nancy Payne, President

Elizabeth Wright, Vice-President

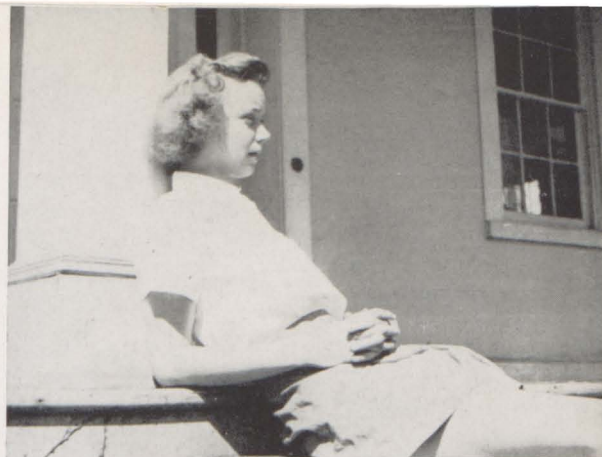
# ATHLETICS

Every Rowland Hall girl participates enthusiastically in the yearly sports. From the first volleyball game to the last baseball game the girls, whether expert or not, try their best to make their team win. In the middle of the year, they practise heartily for the famed Rowland Hall-St. Mary's game, which brings much excitement to school life. With skiing, tennis, and other outside sports, the students lead an "outside life." Every year the girls enter tennis, ping-pong, basketball, and badminton games, to see who is the champion of each. All in all, Rowland Hall has been, and will continue to be, well represented in the sports' world.



## PING PONG CHAMPION

Helen Whiting



## TENNIS TEAM

Claire Clendenin, Eloise Bamberger,  
Sue Brayton



## SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

*Back row:* Liz Wright, Sue Brayton, Joyce Stewart, Mary Lou Hovenden, Kleine Bintz. *Front row:* Helen Whiting, Sybil White, Jo Shoemaker, *captain*; Janet Ossman, Mary Koch.



## BASKETBALL TEAM

Champions—Juniors

*Back row:* Nan Brooks, Sybil White, Louann Wallace. *Front row:* Peggy Sweet, Liz Wright, Joyce Stewart, Mary Koch.

The Hallowe'en Stunts and Dance and the Thanksgiving Bazaar in the Fall; the Junior Prom and the Takeoff in the Spring—these are the much looked forward to social events of the year. Everyone from the Kindergarten tots up through the Seniors lends a hand to make the Stunts and Bazaar a success, and each class works wholeheartedly in an attempt to win the banner or contribute the pot of gold to the school.

The Student Body sponsors the Hallowe'en Dance and each member of the Upper School attends. The Prom and the Takeoff are the ultimate goal all Juniors and Seniors finally attain. Only the two upper classes come to the Prom, and although the Takeoff is for everyone, the Juniors and the Seniors are the only ones who actually *understand* it.



Hallowe'en Dance, October, 1942



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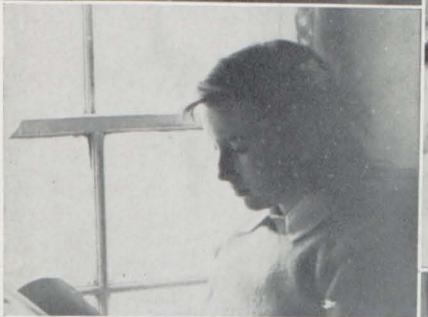


# T H E R E





# AROUND





# THE CAMPUS





# Clara M. Clawson Shop

57 South Main St.



*Fashion of Today — Styles of Tomorrow*

*Congratulations!*

**Rowland Hall Graduates**

**HOTEL  
UTAH**

*Guy Toombes - Managing Director*



## BUCHORN'S GIFTS



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DIAL 5-5614

## CAPITOL THEATER



46 West 2nd South

SALT LAKE CITY

## Leyson Pearsall Co.

Jewelers



236 South Main Street



*Compliments of . . .*

A

FRIEND

## GOOD FURNITURE

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(SINCE 1857)

## Fred A. Carleson Co.

Service for the duration



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G.M.C. TRUCKS



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DIAL 4-1995

*Congratulations*  
**ROWLAND HALL GRADUATES**  
*from*  
**MORNING MILK**





HILLCREST  
PHARMACY



170 First Avenue  
SALT LAKE CITY

EAT . . .

**SUNFREZE**  
ICE CREAM

*It's De-Lishus*

Swim, Dive, Dance  
and Dine at

**LAGOON**

*"The Fun Spot of Utah"*

SCHUBACH  
Jewelry Co.



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**A Friend**

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Optical Co.

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